Enter King Henry.

King. How now *Buckingham*, is *Yorke* friends with vs,
That thus thou bringſt him hand in hand with thee?
Buck. He is my Lord, and hath diſcharg'd his troopes,
Which came with him, but as your Grace did ſay,
To heaue the Duke of Somerſet from hence,
And to ſubdue the Rebels that were vp.
King. Then welcome couſin *Yorke*, giue me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great ſeruice done to vs,
Againſt thoſe traiterous Iriſh that rebeld.

Enter Maſter Eyden with Iacke Cades head.

Eyden. Long liue King *Henry* in triumphant peace,
Loe heere my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I heere preſent the traiterous head of *Cade*,
That hand to hand in ſingle fight I ſlue.
King. Firſt thanks to heauen, and next to thee my friend,
That haſt ſubdude that wicked traitor thus.
Oh let me ſee that head that in his life
Did worke me and my land ſuch cruell ſpight,
A viſage ſterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,
Preſageth warlike humors in his life.
Heere take it hence, and thou for thy reward
Shalt be immediately created Knight.
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me what's thy name?
Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it pleaſe your Grace,
A poore Eſquire of Kent.
King. Then riſe vp *Alexander Eyden*, Knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thouſand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beſide the firme reward that was proclaim'd,
For thoſe that could performe this worthy acte,
And thou ſhalt waite vpon the perſon of the King.
Eyden. I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iuſt and loyall to my King.

Exit.
Enter

Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerſet.

King. O Buckingham, ſee where Somerſet comes,
Bid him go hide himſelfe till *Yorke* be gone.
Queen. He ſhall not hide himſelfe for feare of *Yorke*,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.
Yorke. Who's that, proud Somerſet at liberty?
Baſe fearefull *Henry* that thus diſhonor'ſt me,
By heauen, thou ſhalt not gouerne ouer me:
I cannot brooke that Traitors preſence here,
Nor will I ſubiect be to ſuch a King,
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,
Reſigne thy Crowne proud Lancaſter to me,
That thou vſurped haſt ſo long by force,
For now is *Yorke* reſolu'd to claime his owne,
And riſe aloft into faire Englands Throne.
Somer. Proud traitor, I areſt thee on high treaſon,
Againſt thy ſoueraigne Lord, yeeld thee falſe *Yorke*,
For heere I ſweare thou ſhalt vnto the Tower,
For theſe proud words which thou haſt giuen the King.
King. Thou art deceiu'd, my ſonnes ſhall be my baile,
And ſend thee there in deſpight of him.
Hoe, where are you boyes?
Queene. Call *Clifford* hither preſently.

Enter the Duke of Yorkes ſonnes, Edward the Earle of March, and crooke-backe Richard at the one doore, with Drum and Soldiors: & at the other doore, enter Clifford and his ſonne, with Drumme and Soldiours, and Clifford kneeles to Henry, and ſpeakes.

Cliff. Long liue my noble Lord, and ſoueraigne King.
Yorke. We thanke thee Clifford.
Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didſt miſtake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.
Cliff. Why, I did no way miſtake, this is my King.
What is he mad? To bedlam with him.
King. I, a bedlam franticke humor driues him thus
To leuie armes againſt his lawfull King.
Clif. Why doth not your grace ſend him to the Tower?